

# ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN®

ISSUE

# 57



HOLLYWOOD: PART 4

**BENDIS  
BAGLEY  
THIBERT**

**MARVEL®**

The bite of a genetically altered spider granted high school student Peter Parker incredible, arachnid-like powers: strength, agility, a spider-like sixth sense warning him of personal danger, and most amazing of all- Peter can walk on walls. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his amazing abilities to protect his fellow man. He learned the invaluable lesson that with great power there must also come great responsibility!

# ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN

## "HOLLYWOOD"

### PREVIOUSLY



### PART ONE OF SIX

Peter Parker learns a Spider-Man movie is being made and heads to the New York set to view its making. Meanwhile, an imprisoned Doctor Octopus learns his ex-wife has been hired as a consultant for the flick. Furious at this, Ock mentally calls his mechanical arms to him and bursts out of his cell intent on vengeance.



### PART TWO OF SIX

Infuriated at what he perceives to be his wife's betrayal for acting as a consultant on the upcoming Spider-Man film, Doctor Octopus smashes the movie set and comes into conflict with the real Spider-Man who was there, as well.



### PART THREE OF SIX

The real Spider-Man and Doctor Octopus battle it out on the Spider-Man movie set. The struggle carries over to the Lincoln Tunnel where the web-spinner is rendered unconscious and kidnapped aboard a private jet heading for parts unknown.

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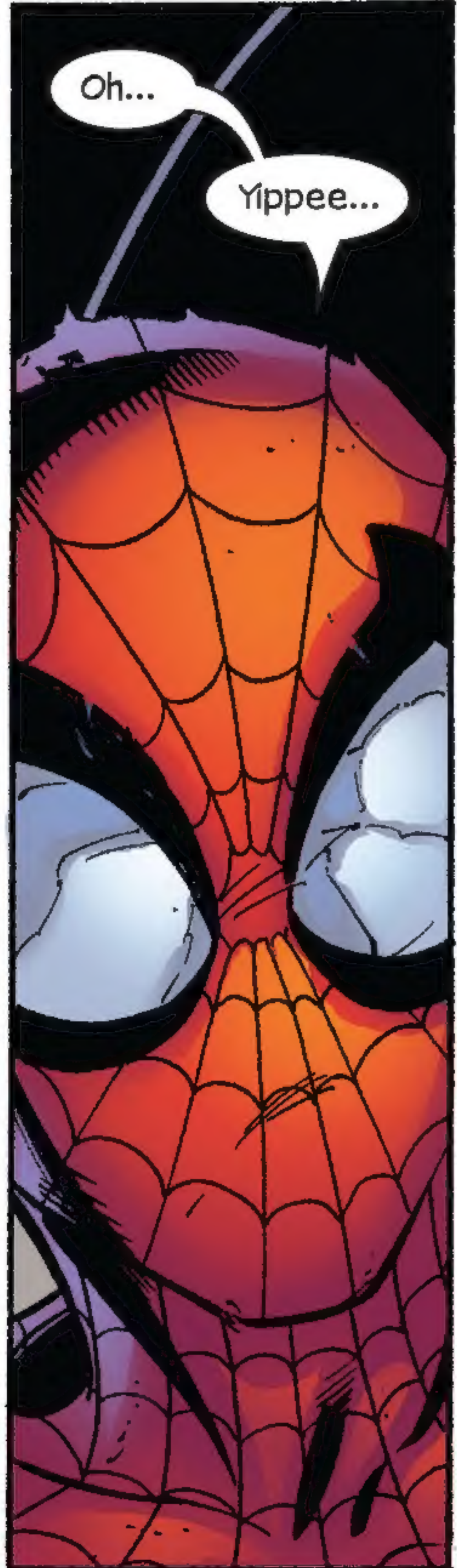
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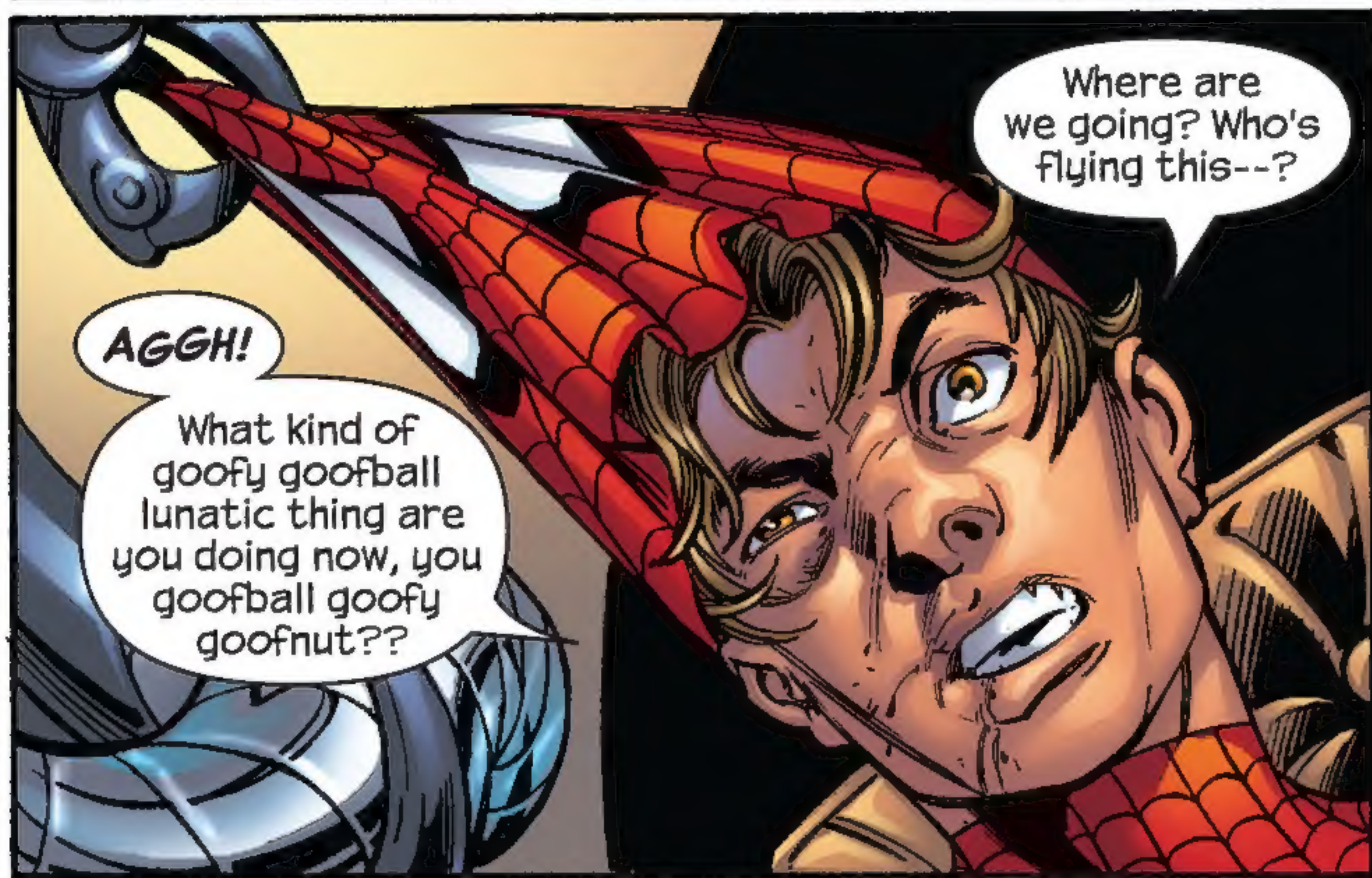
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The way we see it...

I will need something to work with in case we run into something at the other end of this flight that I am not prepared for.

And considering I'm not prepared for *anything*... you will have to do.

The one thing about you I never understood...

How did this double life of yours work for you, little Peter?

Or did you just swing around the city all day begging people for attention?

Did you still go to school? Did you have a little girlfriend?

Because, you know, that is exactly what you do.

See, I know your father passed away years ago. He was a geneticist, like I am.

I read that paper he wrote on carcinogens. Can't say he was the most *inspired* scientist, but...

My point is...

This whole "get-up" you have here...

The little tights...

You know, all this is, is a sad "love me, daddy" thing, right?

Begging the city to pay attention to you because daddy wasn't there.

You pathetic.

Immature.

Glory hound.

And the fact that I have had to look at *your* face as often as I have, *disgusts* me.

You understand me?

You understand that we had *plans* for this life. *Things* we wanted to accomplish in this world.

Can you even imagine the disappointment this is to me? Where I find myself?

That *every* time I turn around, you or my ex-wife, or Norman Osborn, or *someone* is standing in our way.

And now to think of what I will have to do now to scramble together any sense of a place for myself.

JUST TO LIVE A DECENT LIFE!!!

WHY??

WHY ARE ALL OF YOU STANDING IN MY WAY?!

You know I will kill you tonight, right? You *know* that.

It is yes. We will kill you.

I dream about it.

I sat in my jail cell with nothing to do *all day* but dream about it.

So, don't *trick* yourself into thinking that you are *alive* right now.

How much longer, Captain?

A-a-twenty minutes.

Twenty minutes.

Nice plane, though.

I would have *owned* a plane like this.

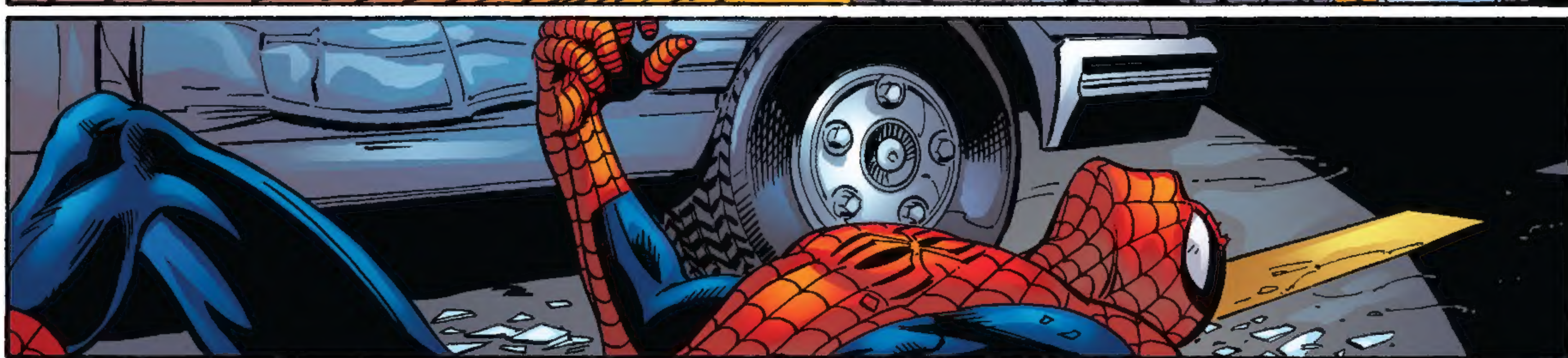
Yes.

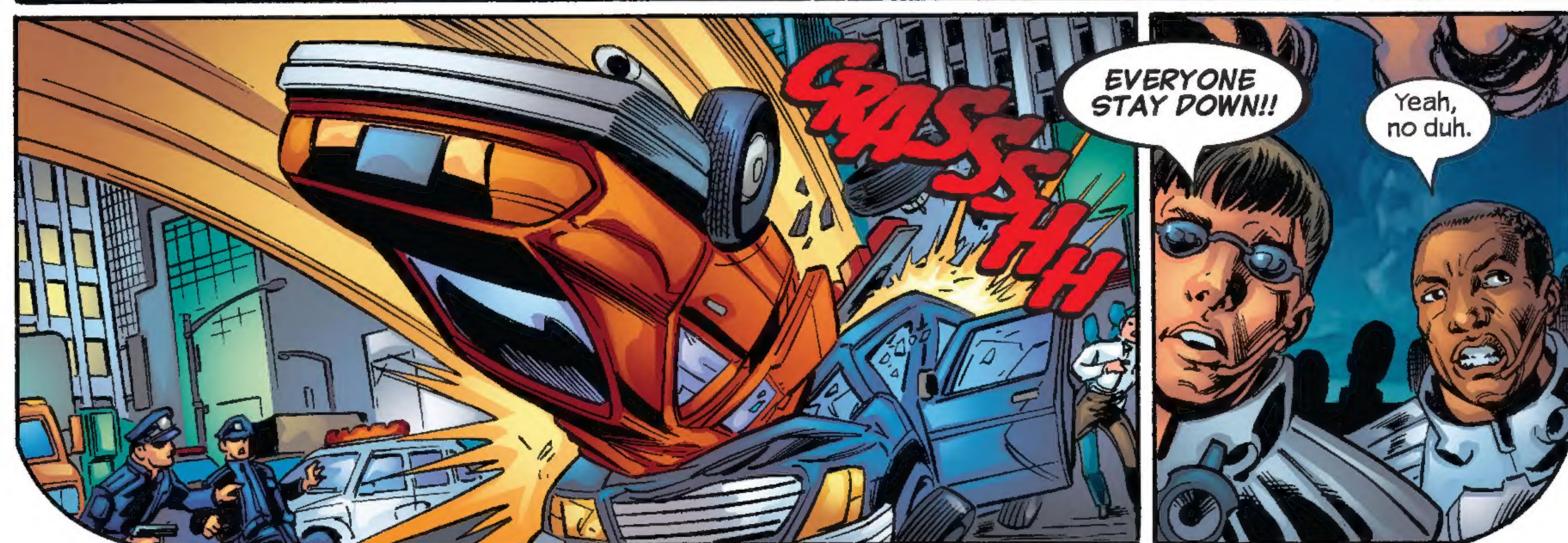
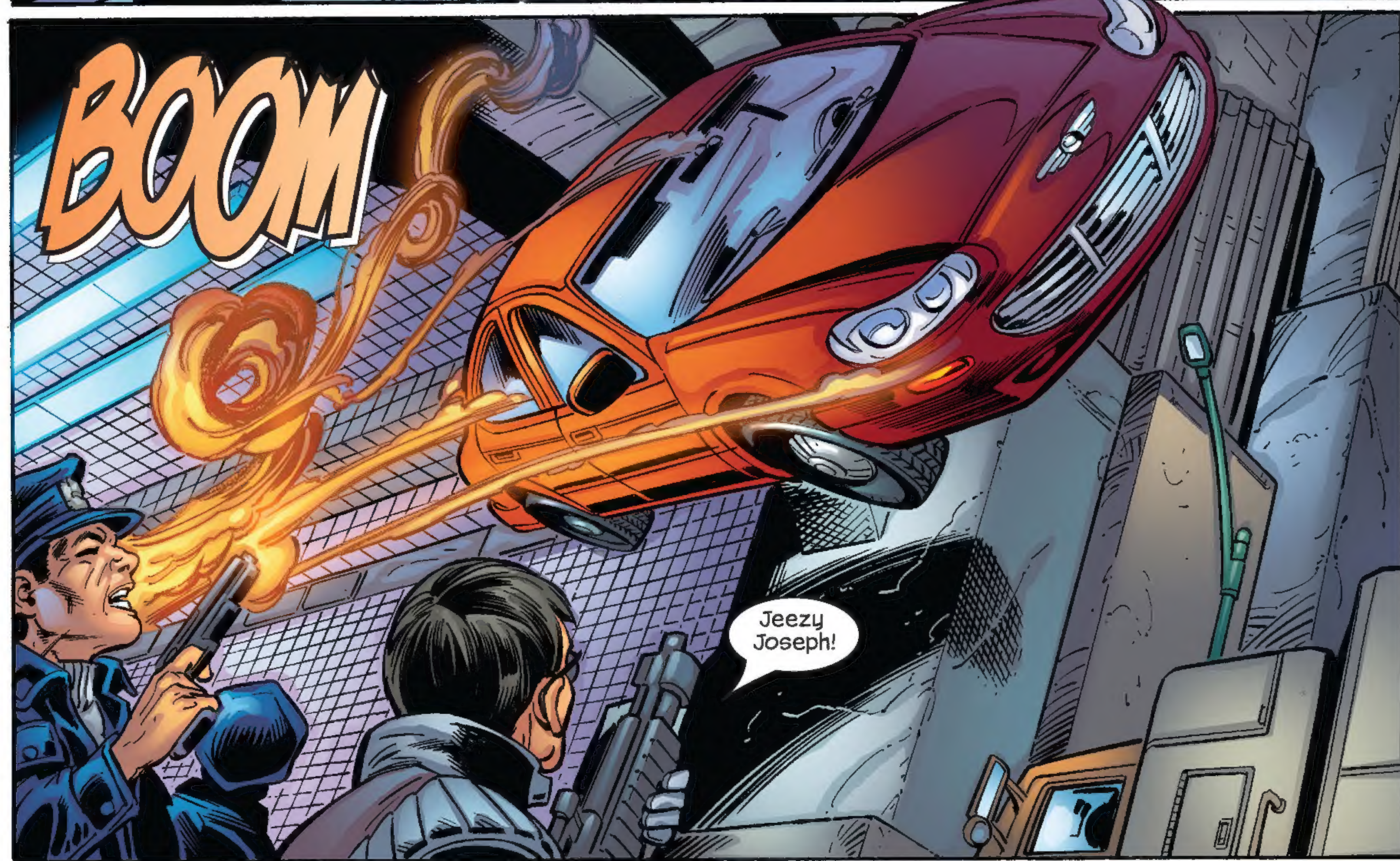
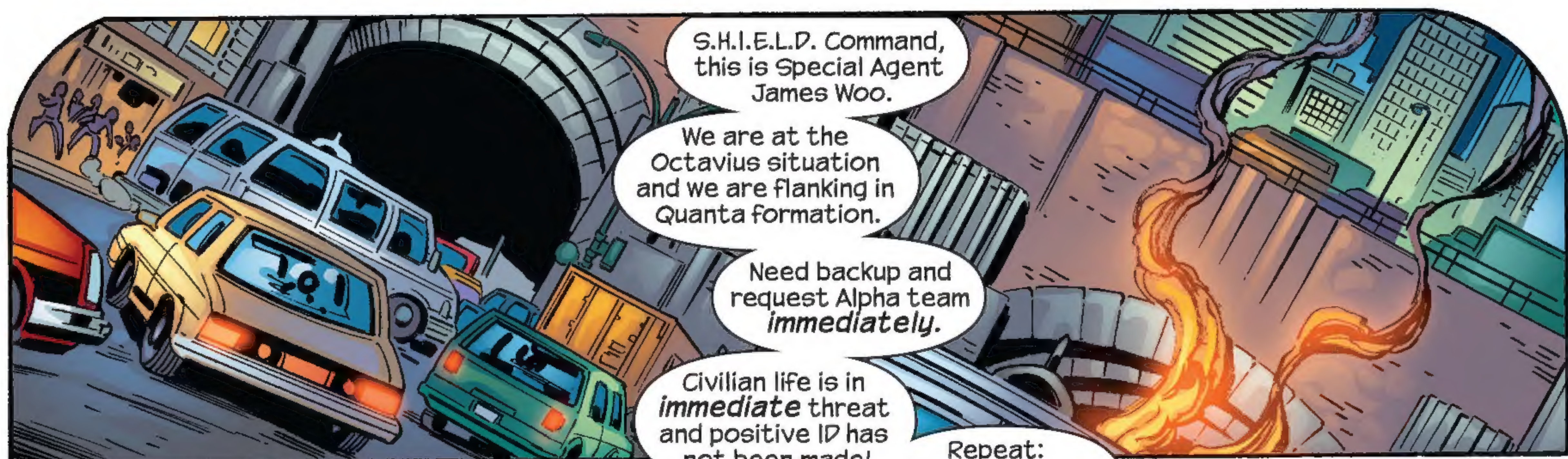
I bet you're wondering how you *got* on this plane on the way to who-knows-where.

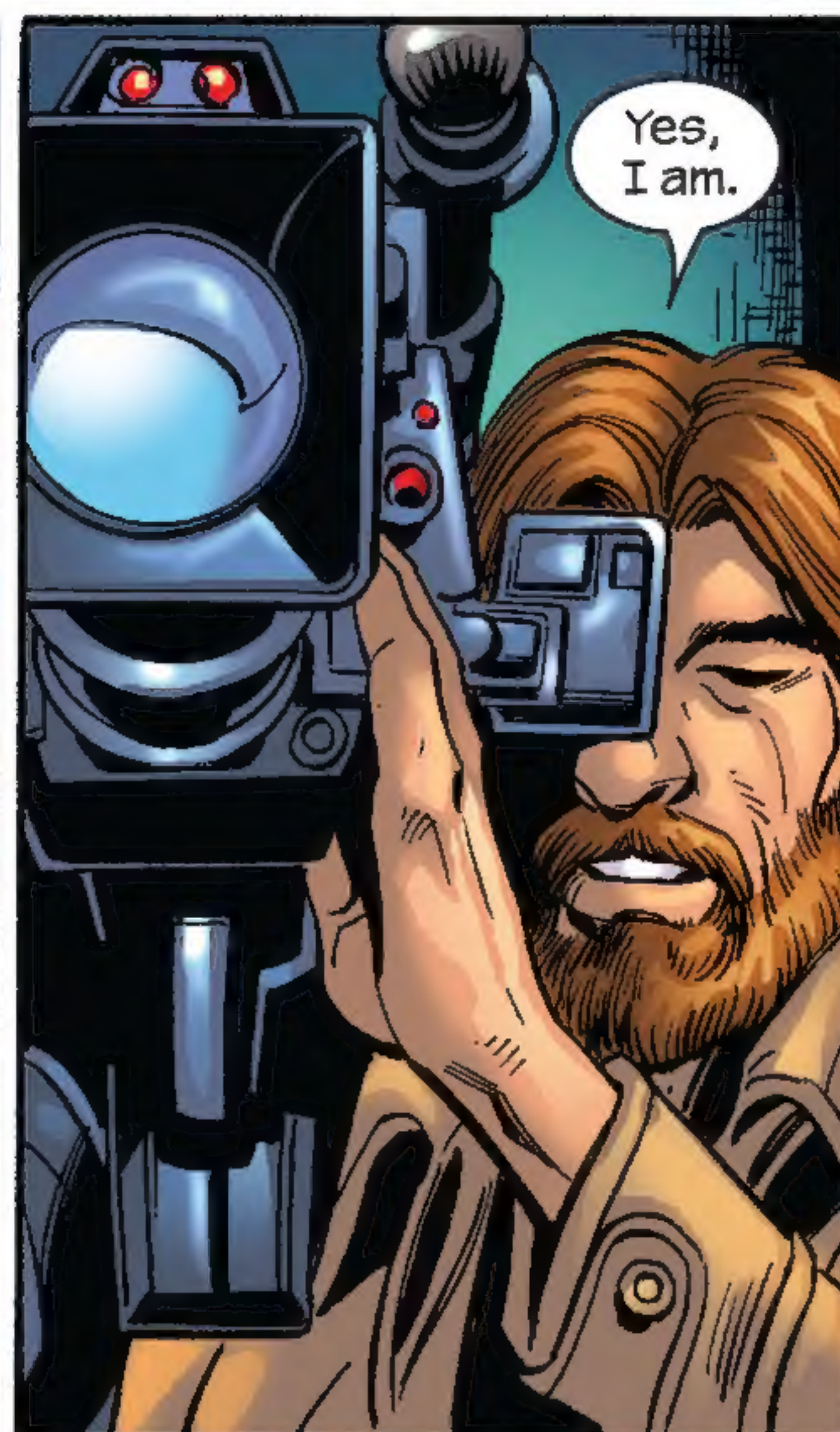
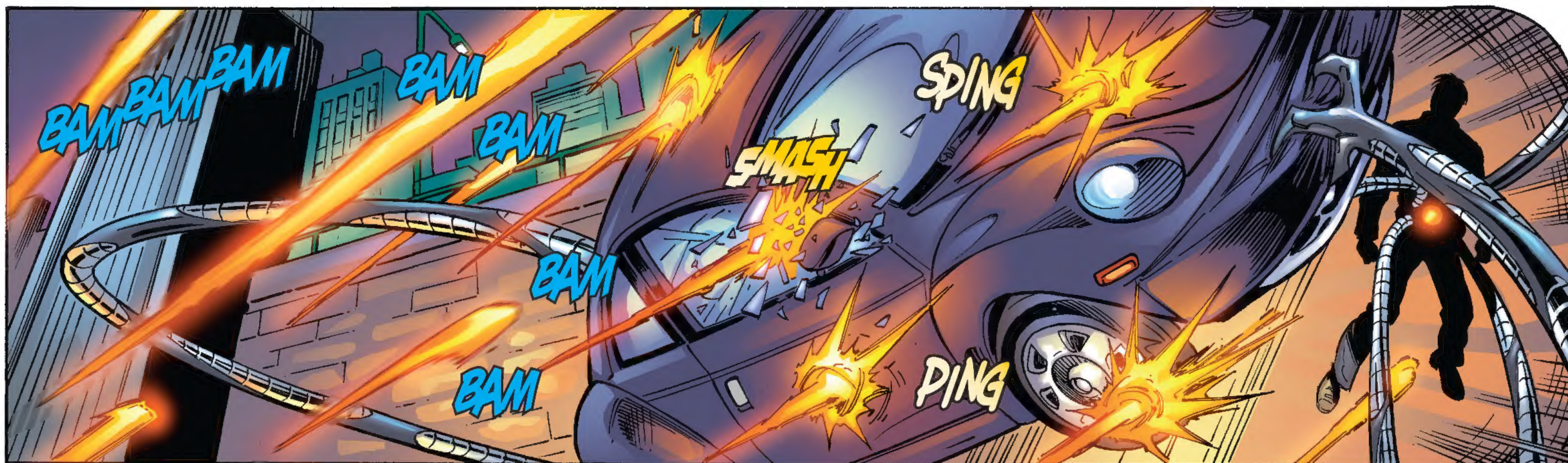
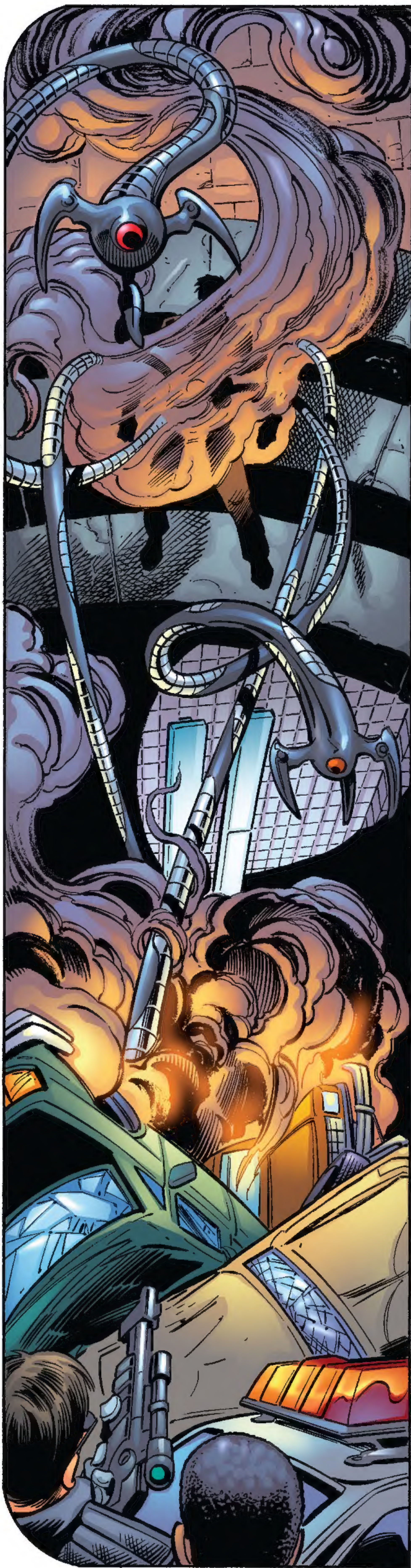
Well, I know where, but clearly *you* don't.

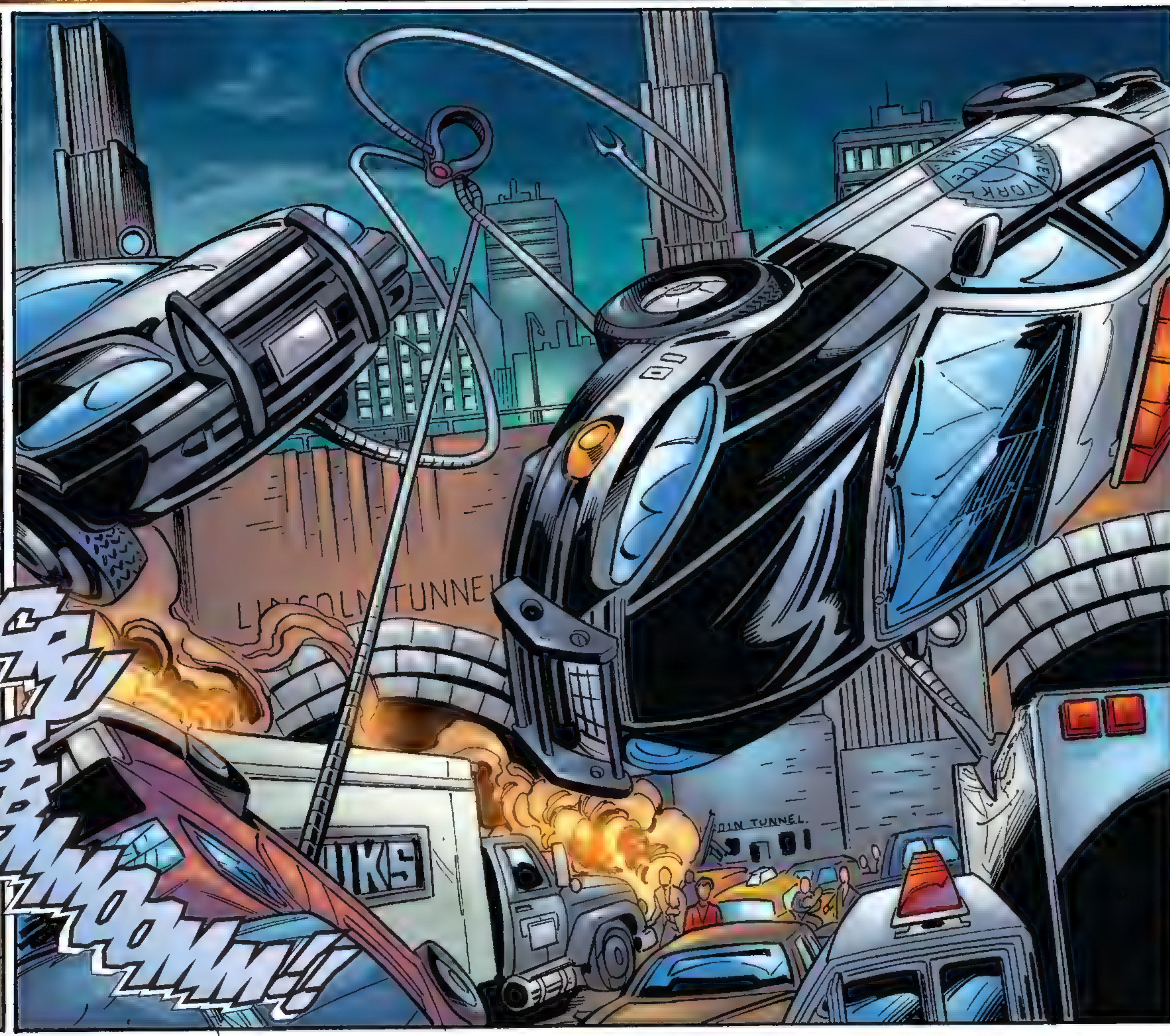
Well, okay, I'll tell you.

I've got twenty minutes to kill.











Seriously...

Yikes...



The arms.  
Look for the  
arms!

No. It's  
Octavius we  
need. Look for  
the Doctor.

What  
is going  
on?

We're being  
played.

Clearly, he  
doesn't need  
to wear the  
arms to make  
them move.



I thought  
the arms were  
*attached*  
to him.

They were.  
They aren't  
now.

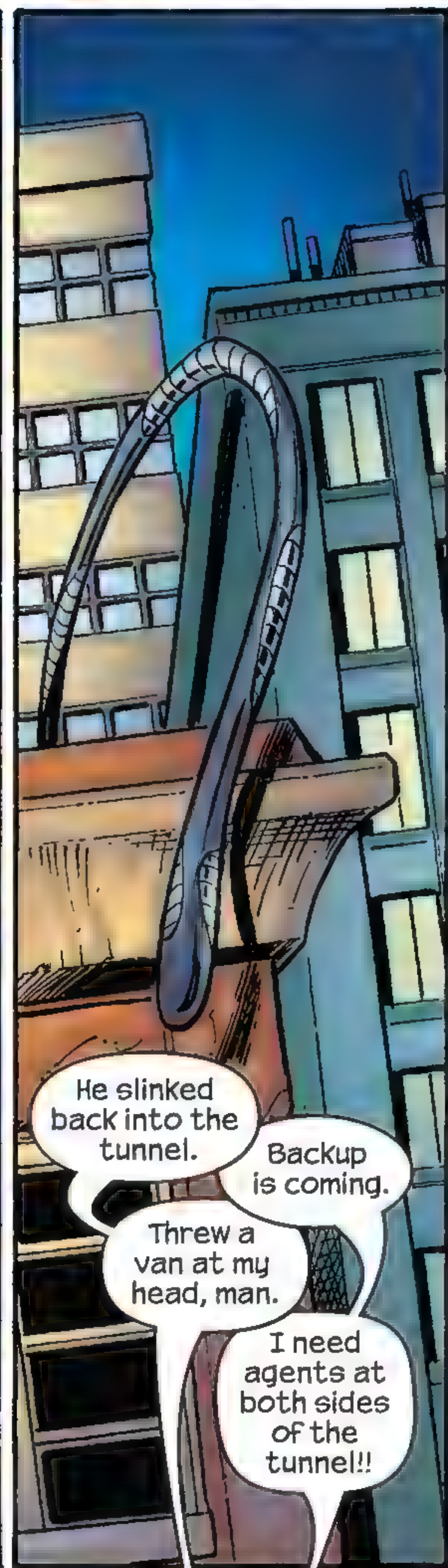
Read the  
file *before*  
you go out in  
the field.

And he  
still controls  
them?

Still does.

Creepy.

Yes.



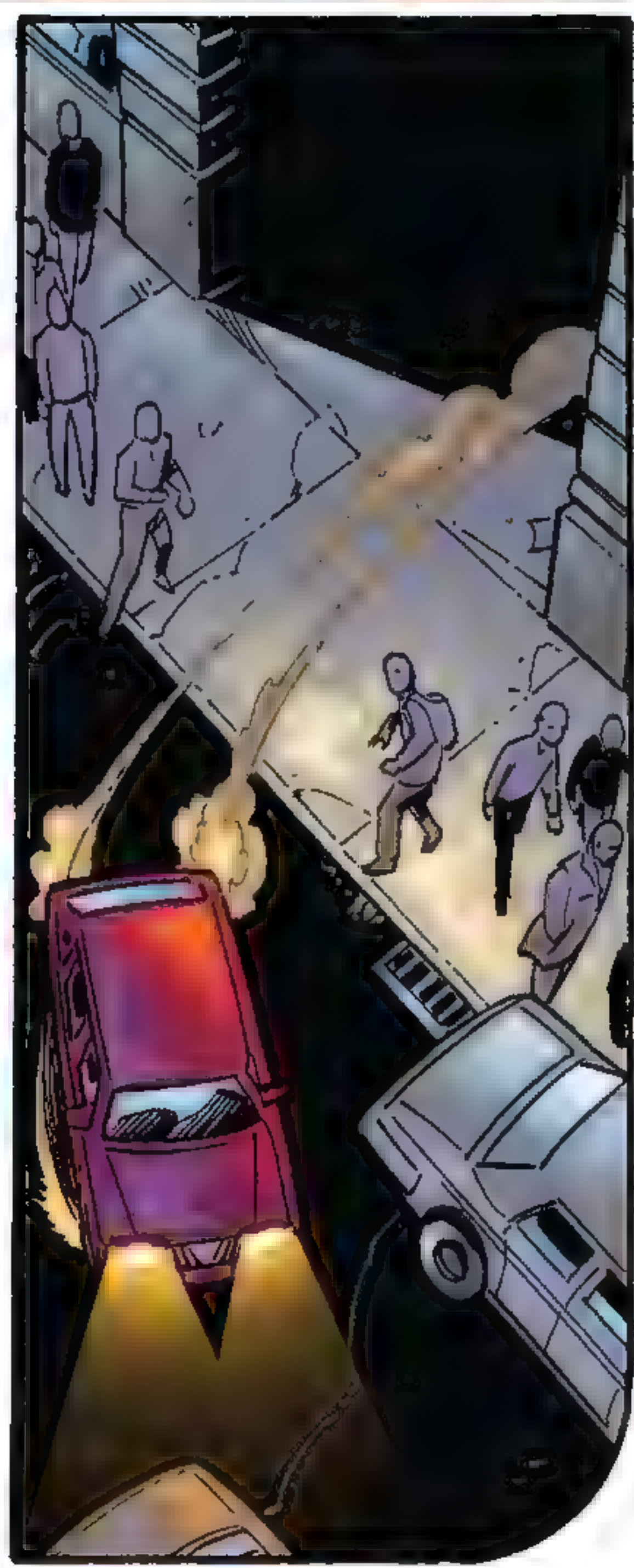
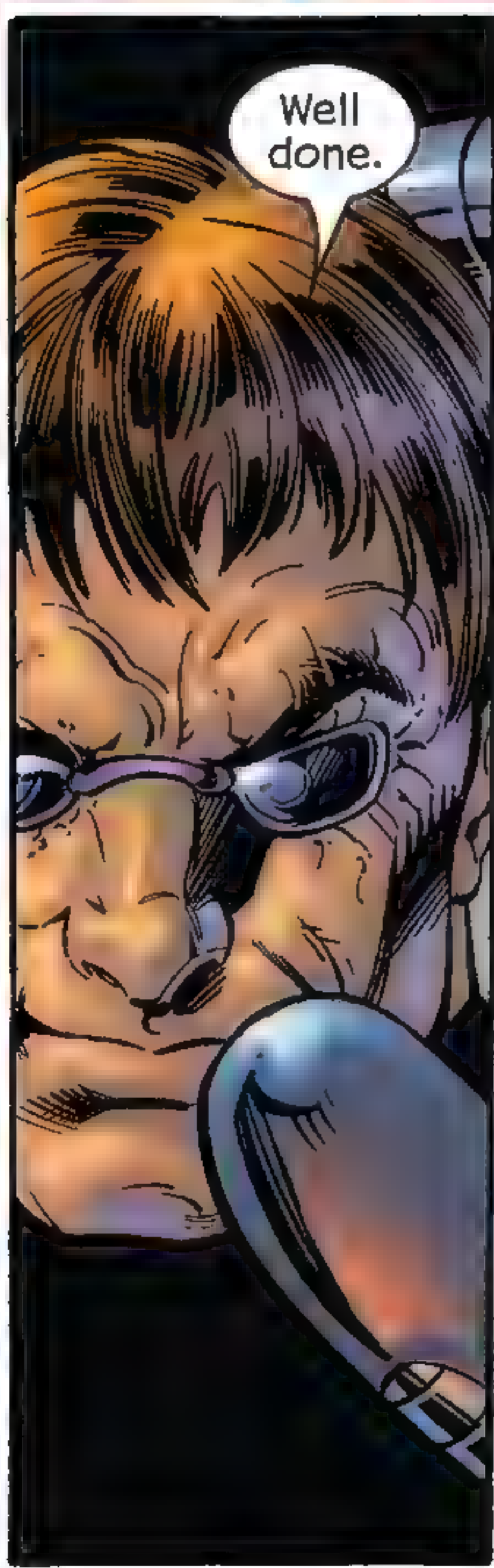
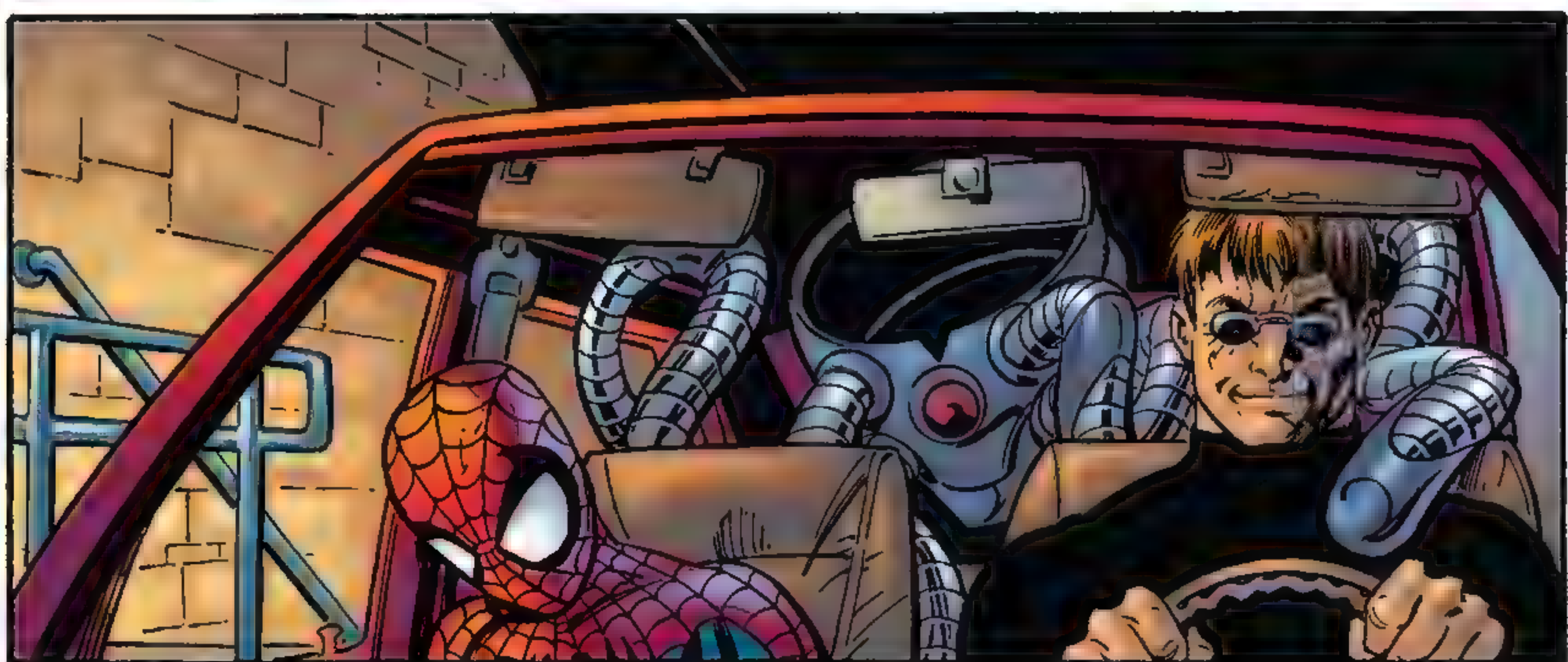
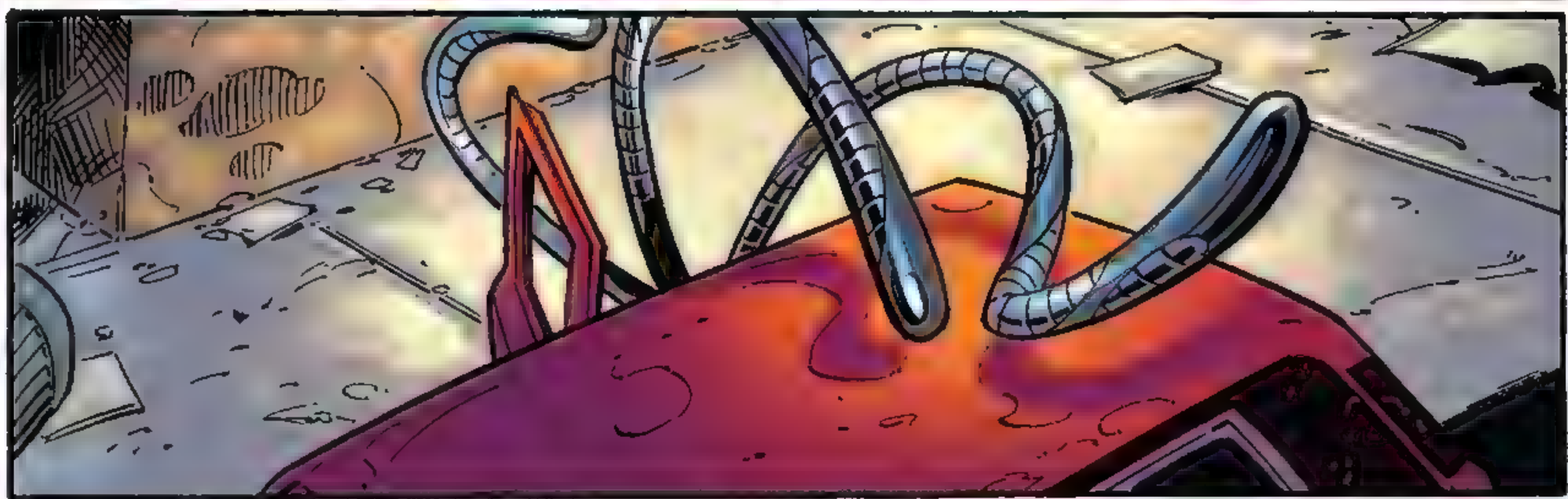
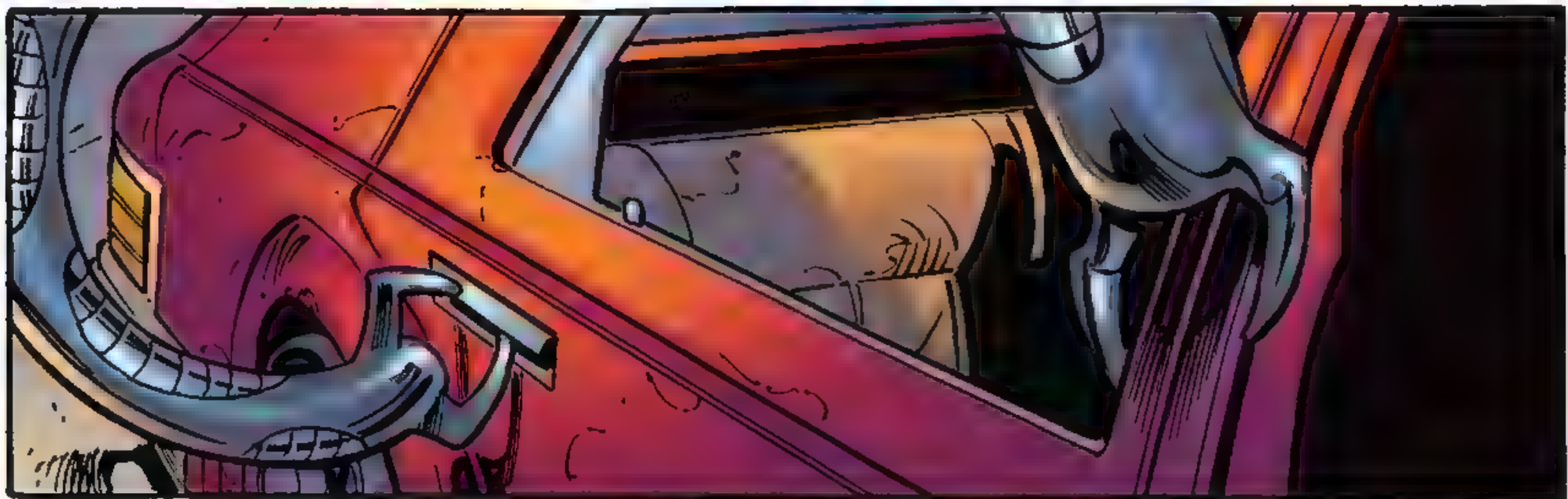
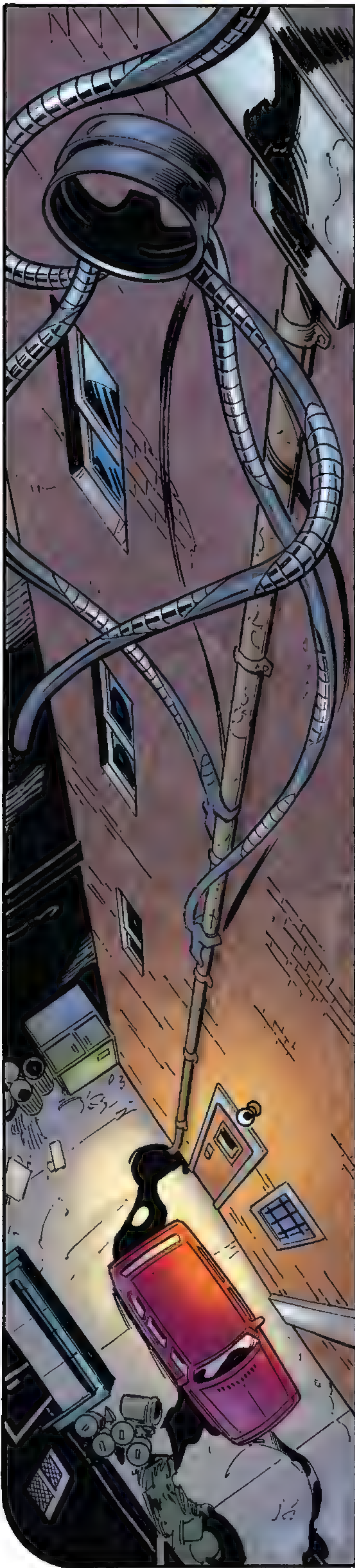
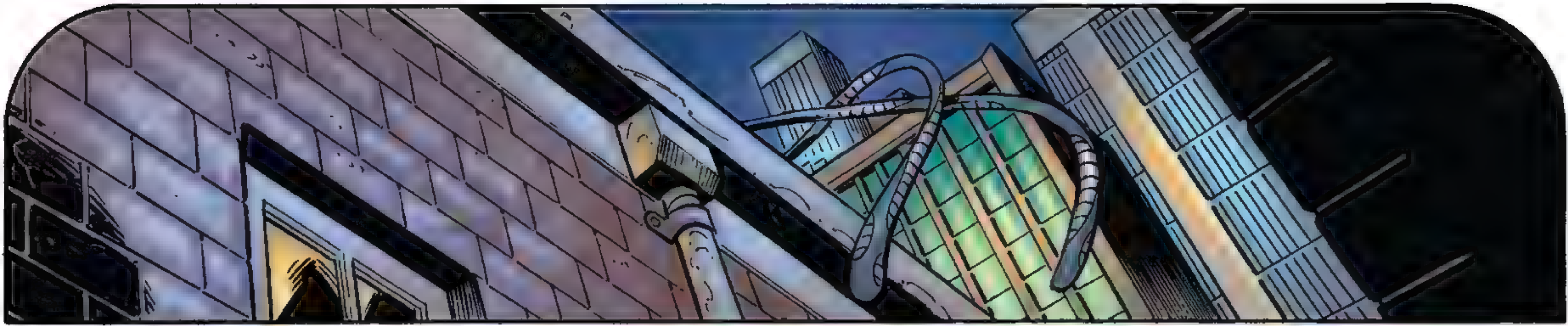
He slinked  
back into the  
tunnel.

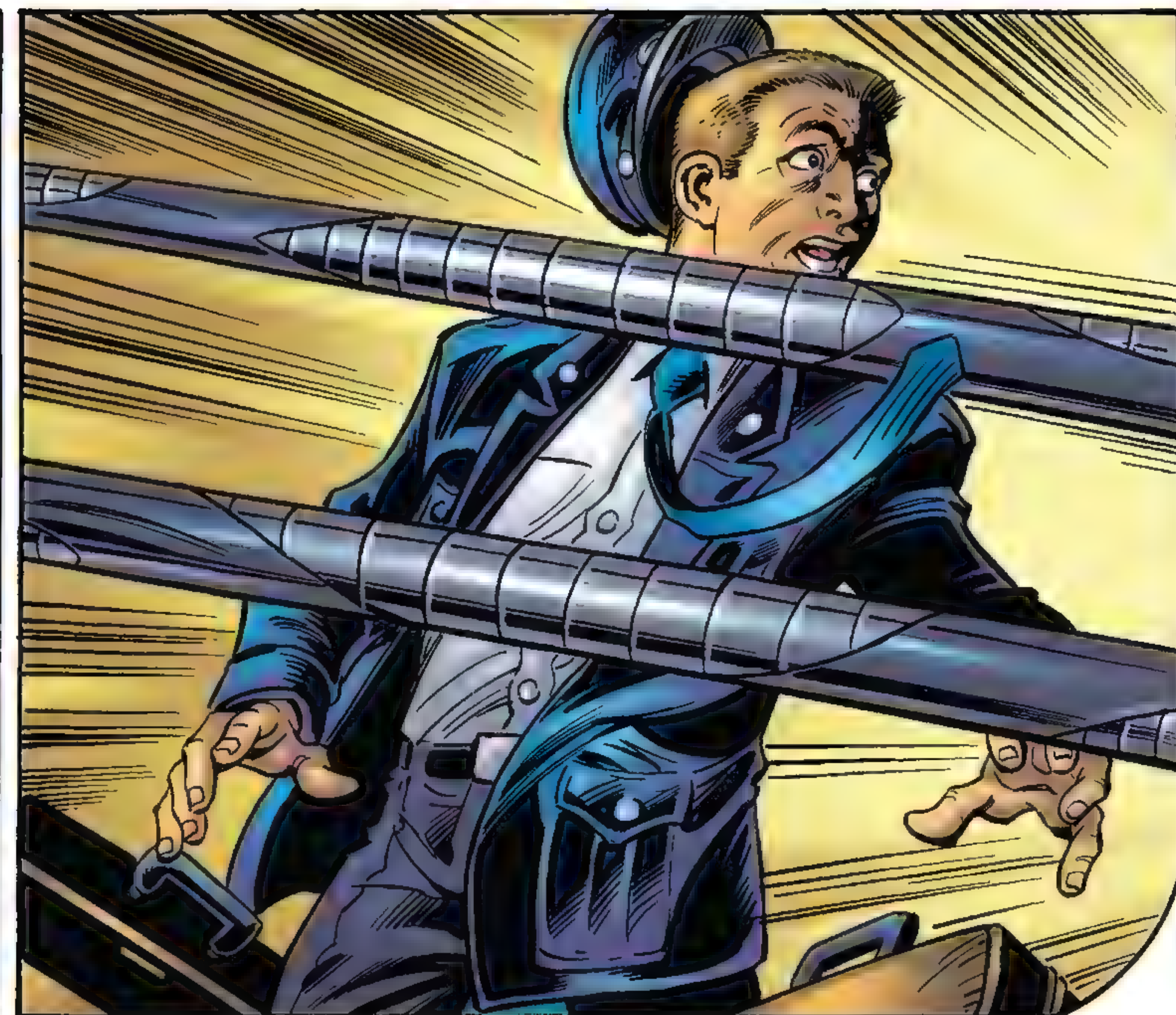
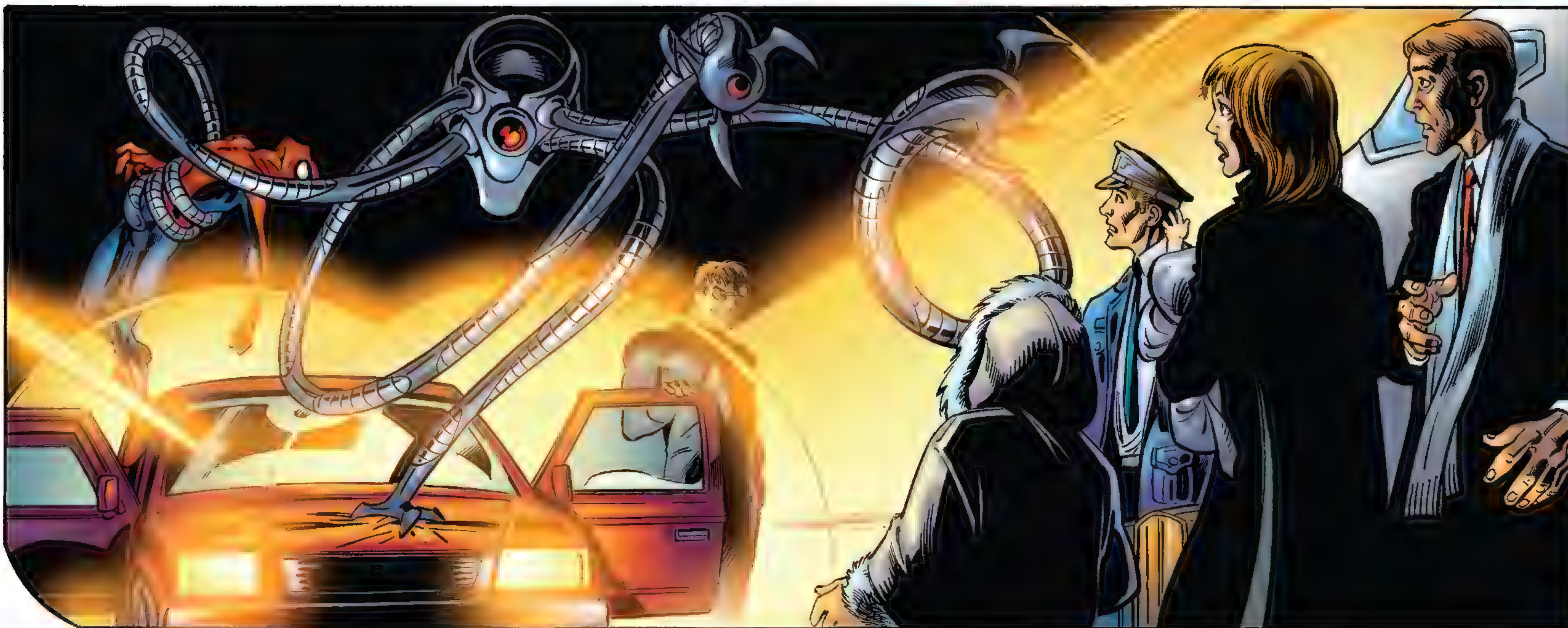
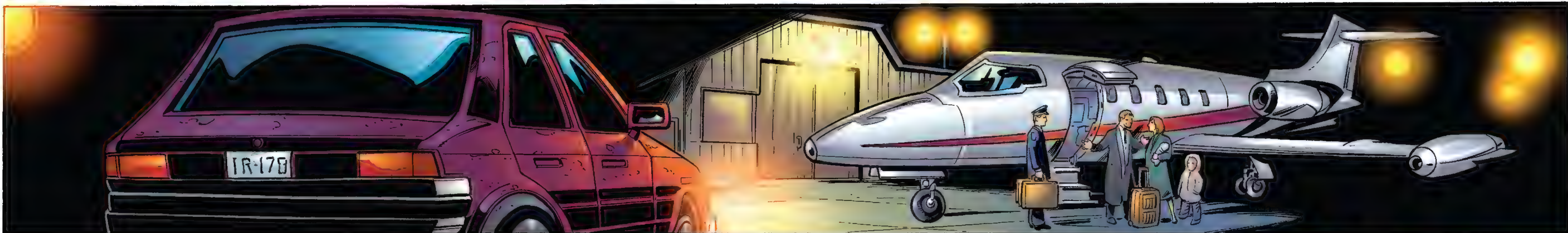
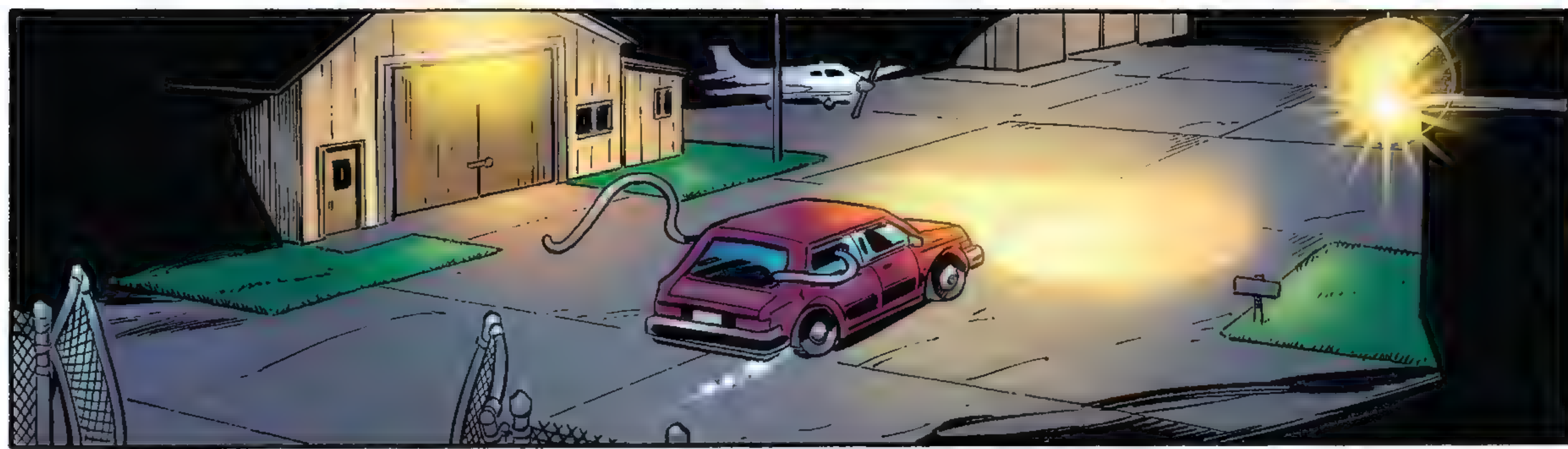
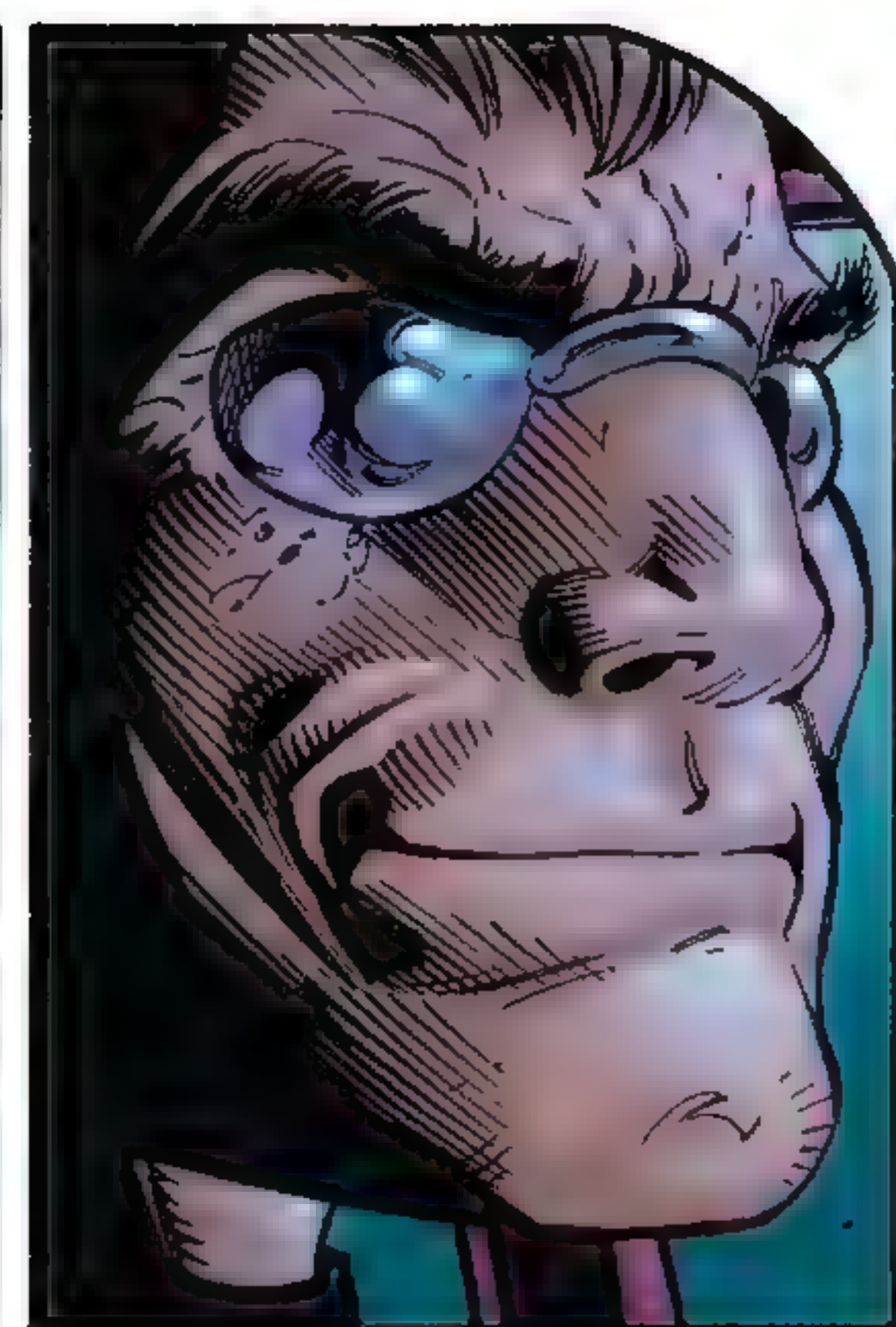
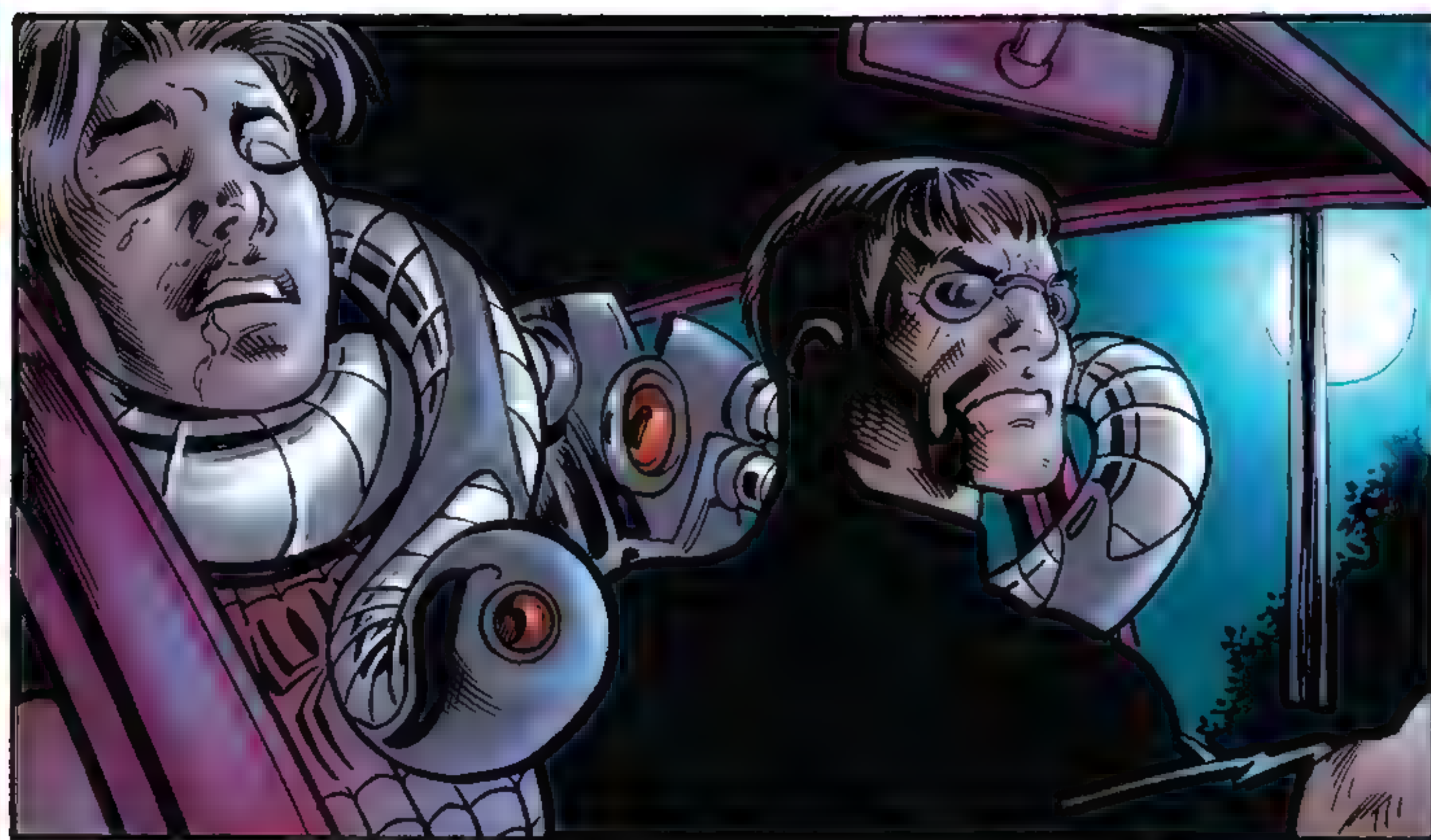
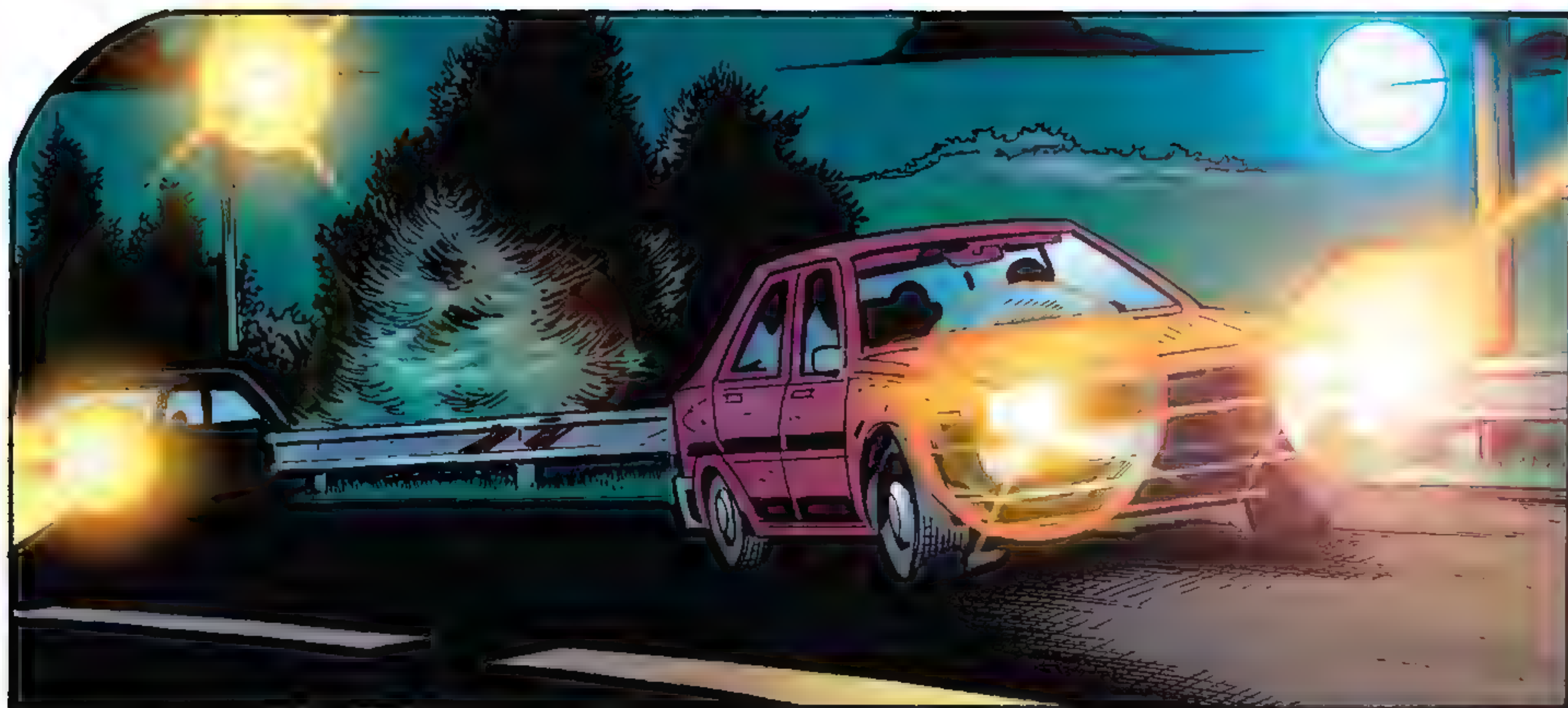
Backup  
is coming.

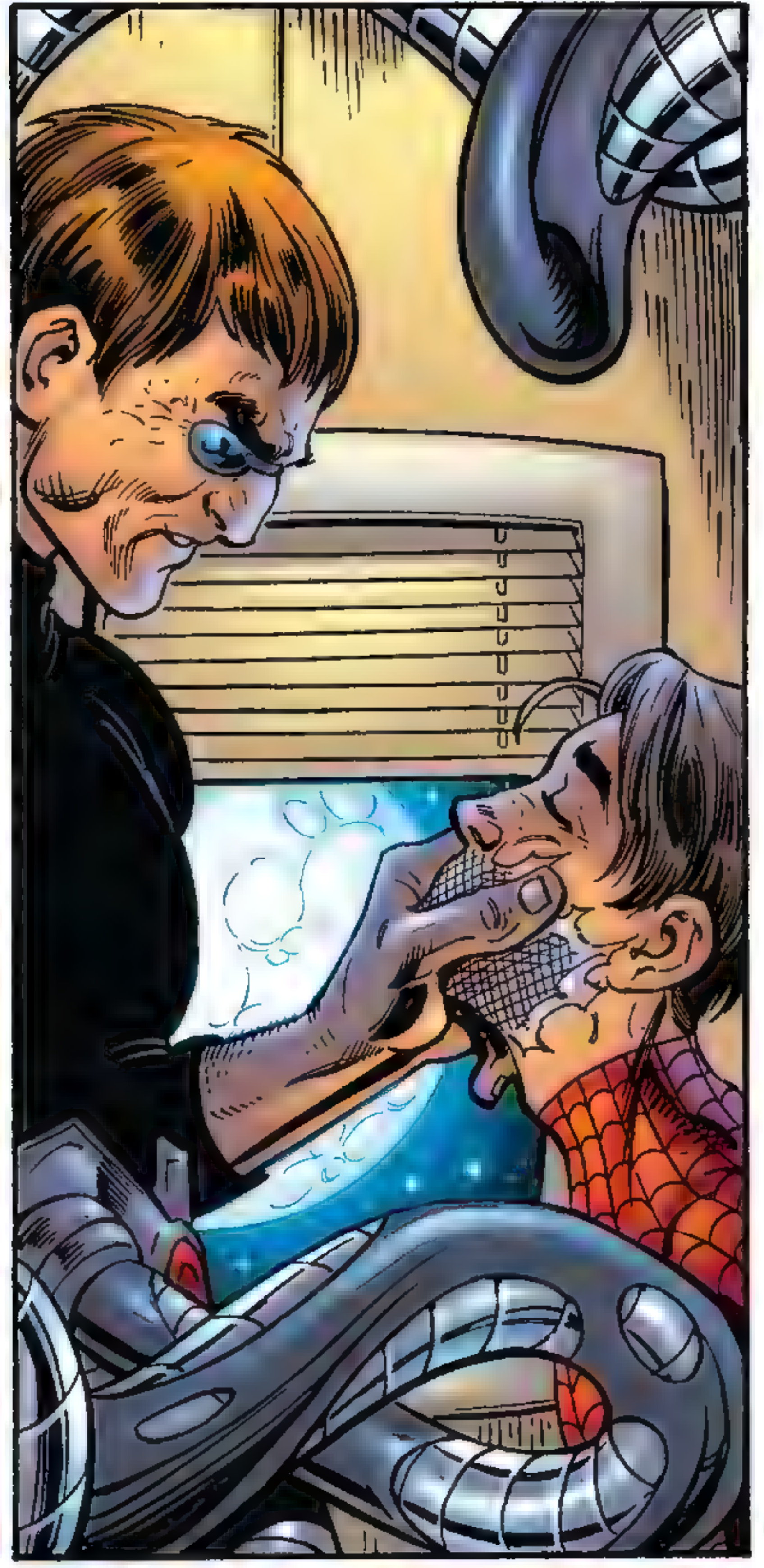
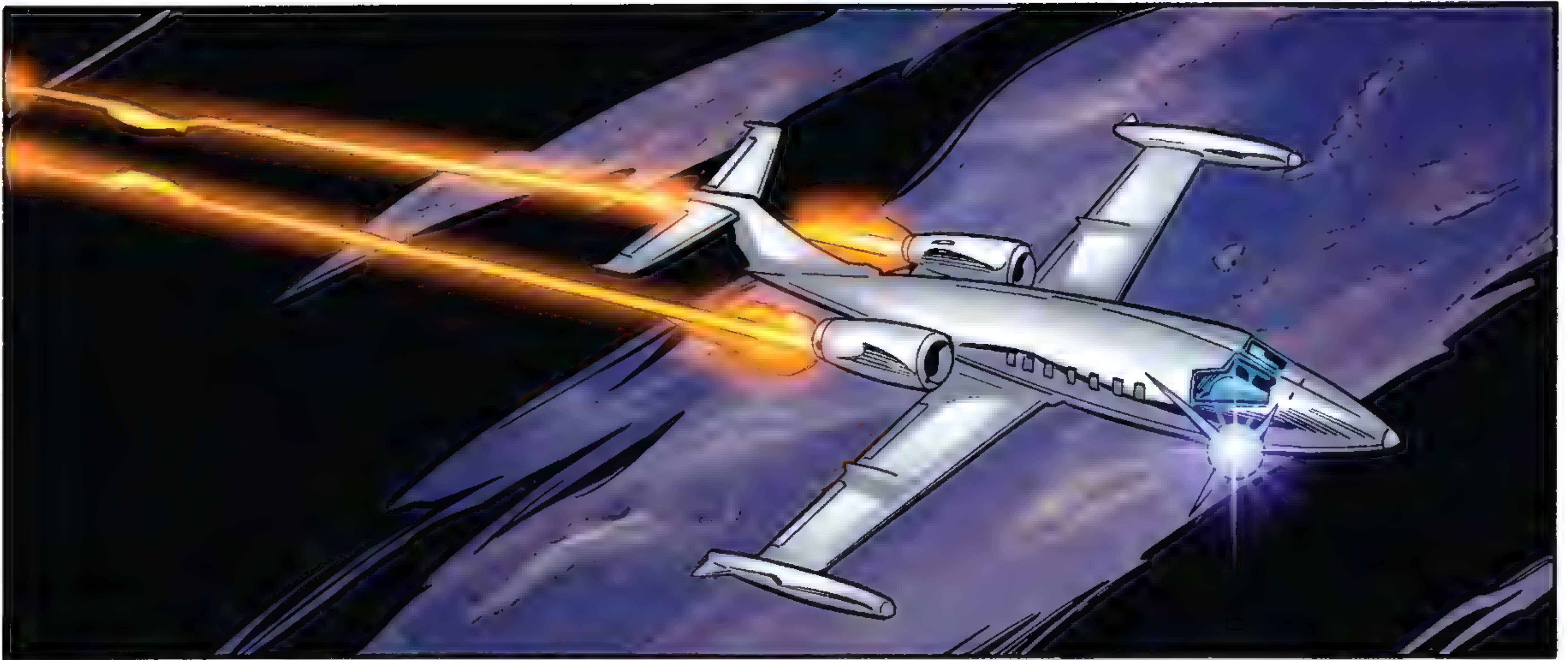
Threw a  
van at my  
head, man.

I need  
agents at  
both sides  
of the  
tunnel!!











I'm sorry, Captain. You're going to have to hold.

What's going on?

I-I tried to tell you, you have to log the flight *before* takeoff.

You-you-you can't just fly anywhere you want. Especially in this day and age.

They don't have us in their log book yet. The flight was logged but the arrival time--

So what did you do?



I made up a log number and lied.

Good boy, you may have earned your life.



We're not seeing you in the data--

Uh, well, I don't know how much longer I can circle.

We're low on fuel and my passengers are not exactly the most--

Hold on, Captain.



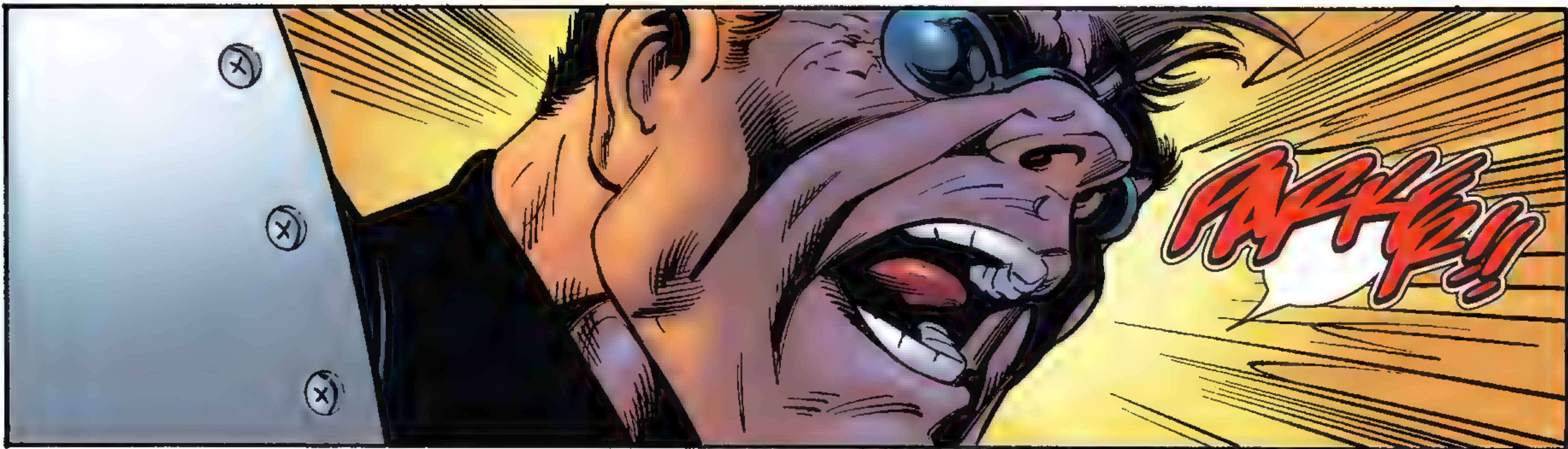
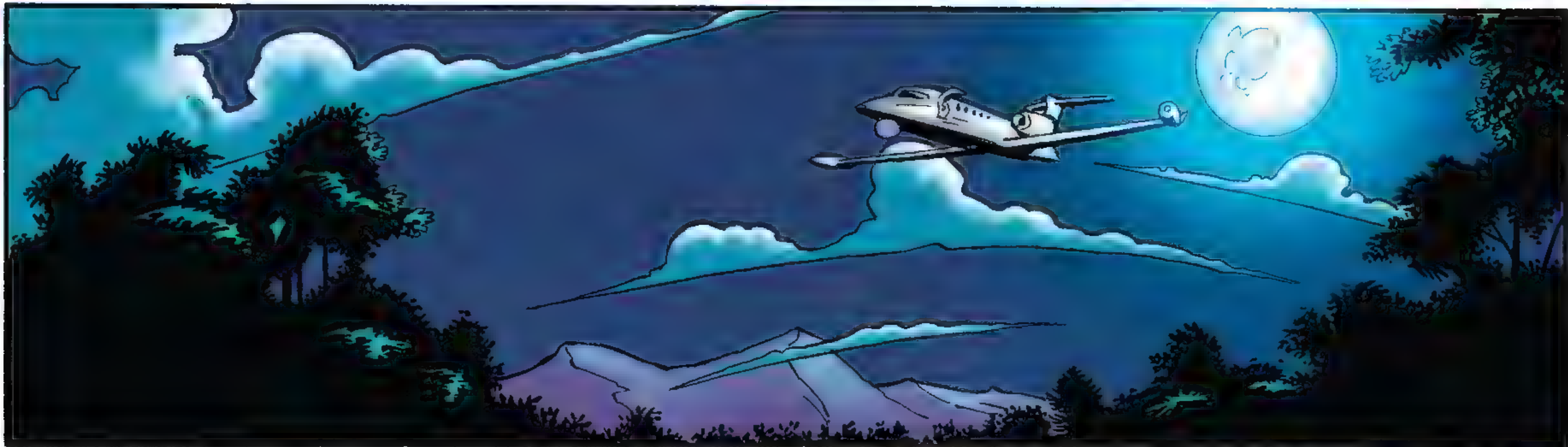
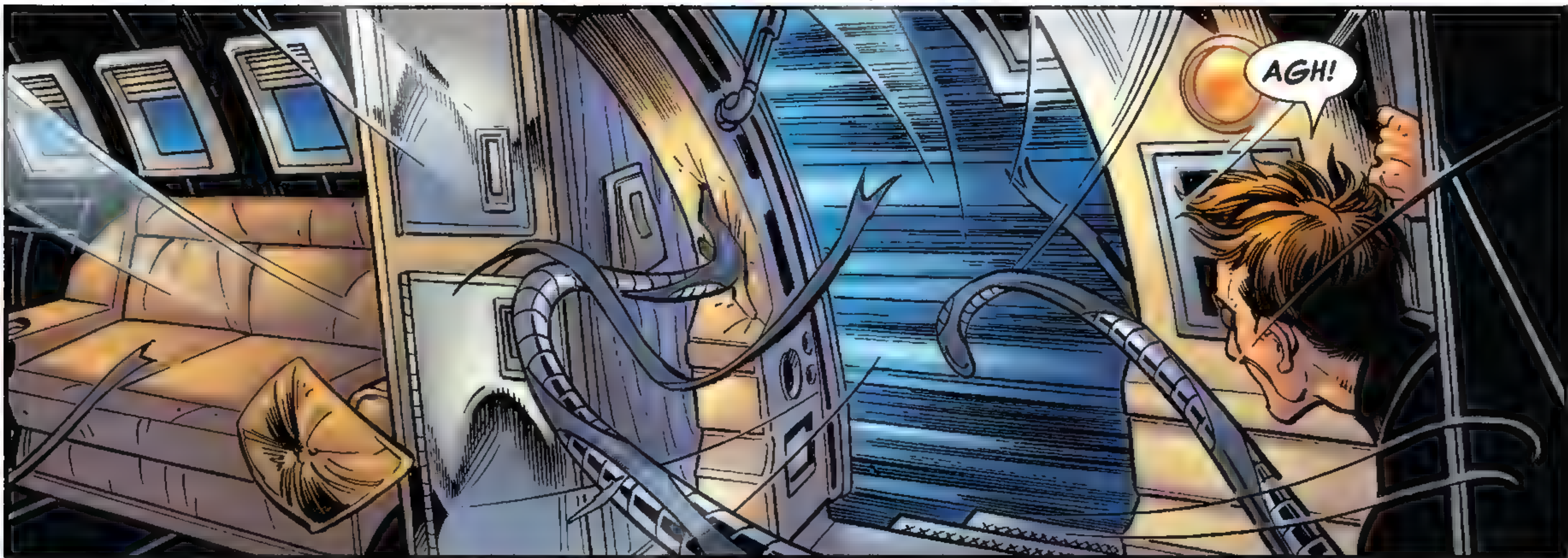
Okay. Flight 506. You are clear for Runway 7. You are clear for landing.

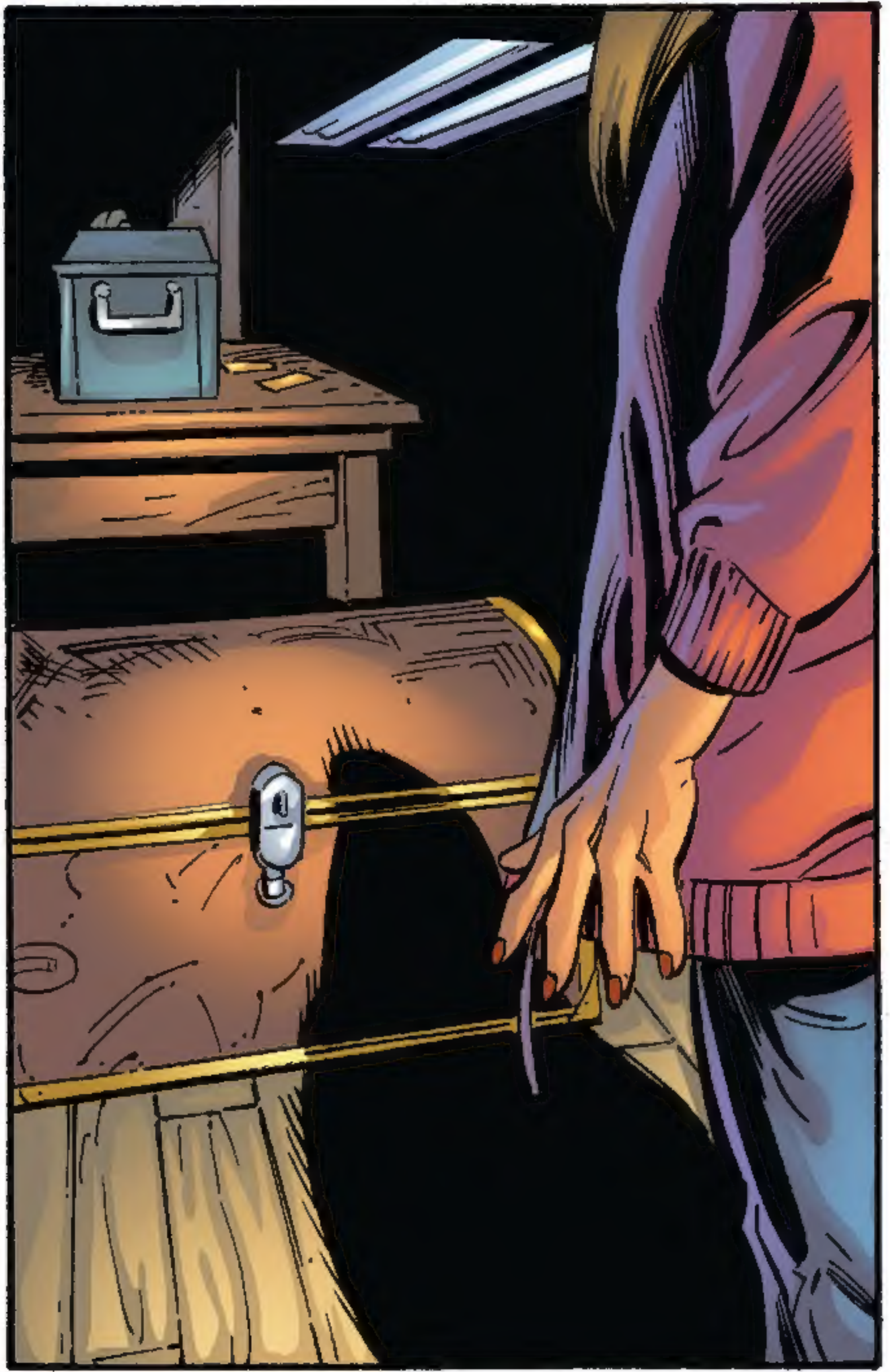
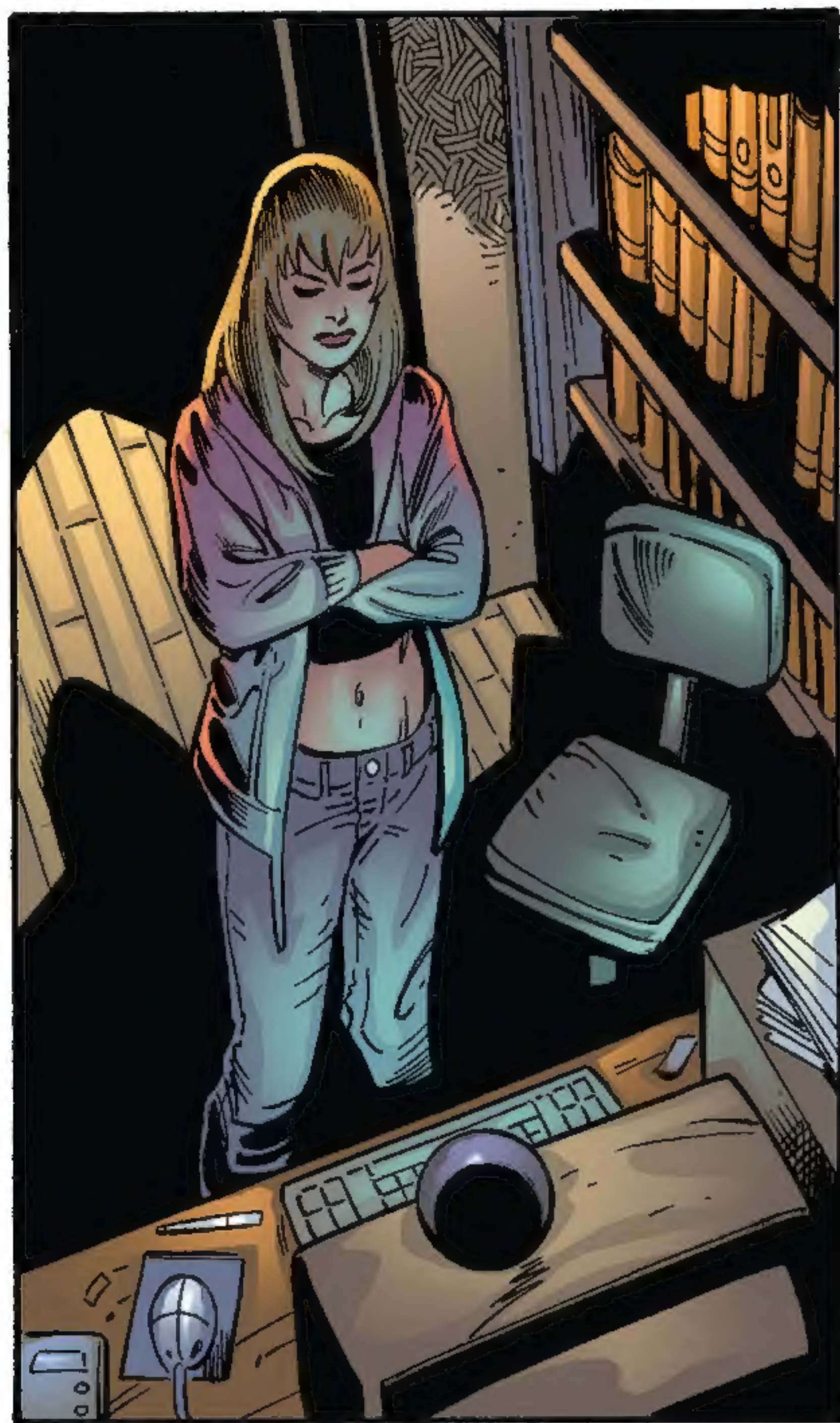
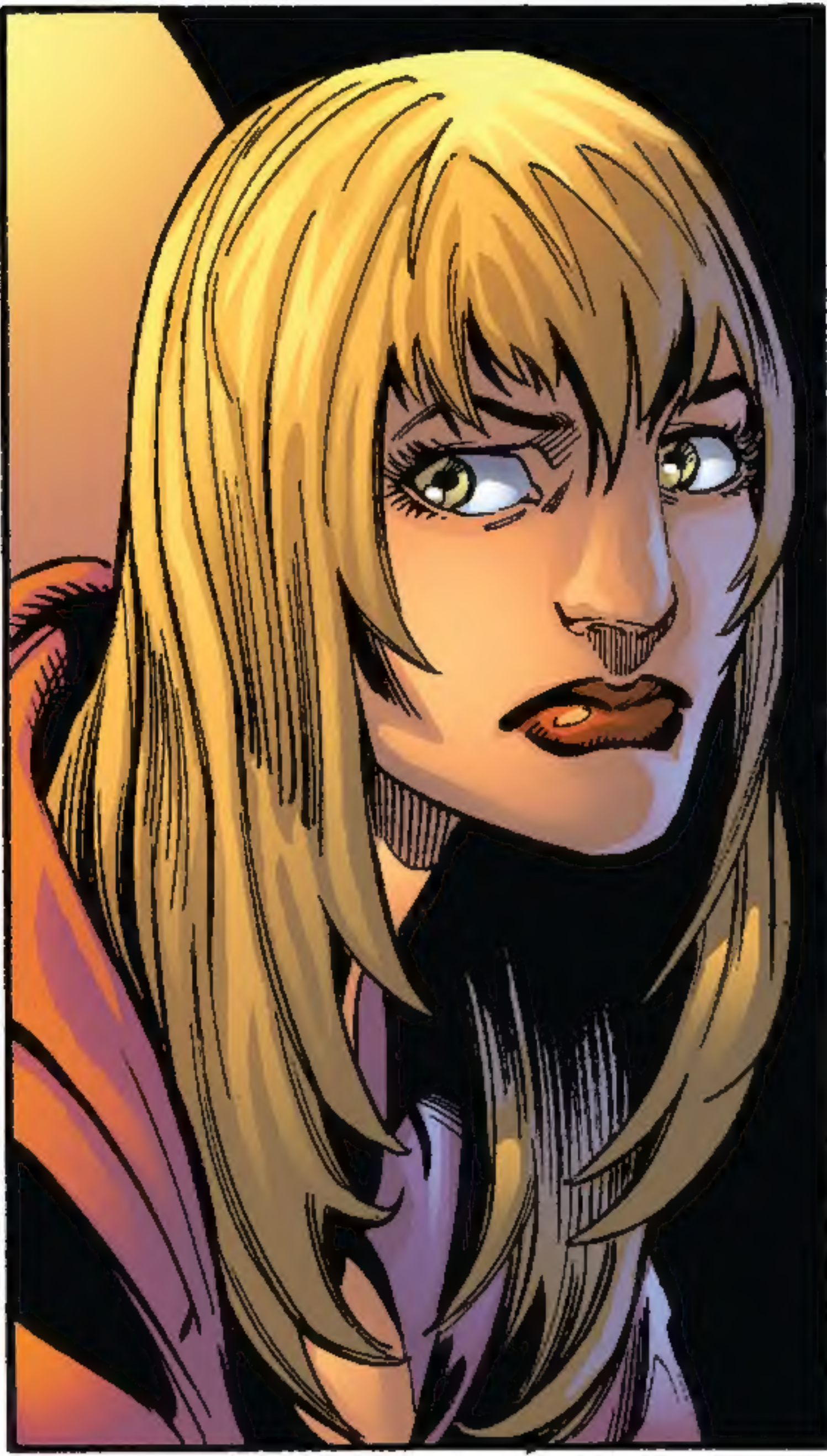
There's no taxi crew, but someone will be there to meet you and go over the paperwork, over.



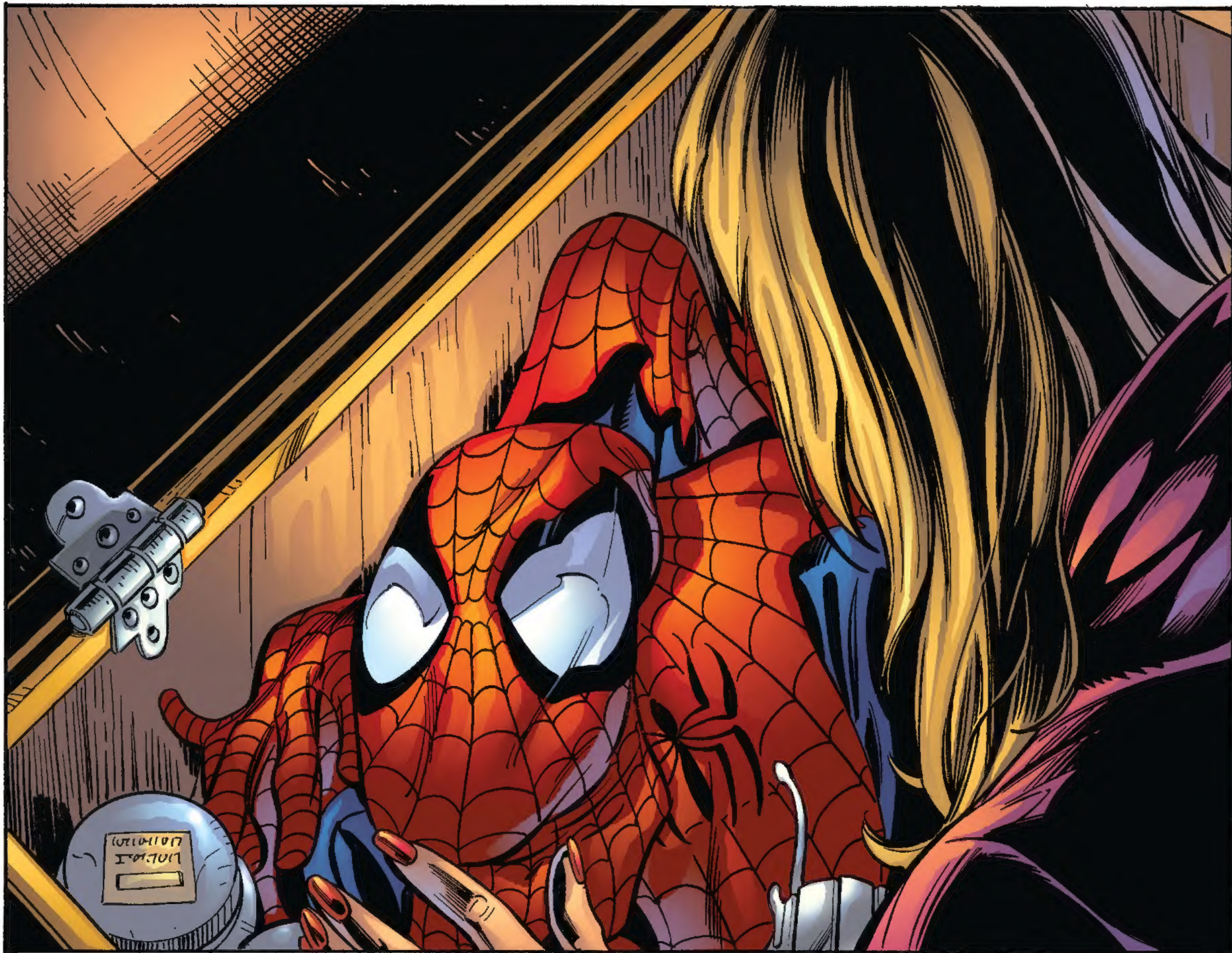
Much obliged, Tower.

**BOOM!**









To be continued...



**SON OF ULTRAMAN**